THE PACIFIC

Pacific Theo Sem
Reading Room

A religious and family paper

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PACIFIC
Theological Seminary,

WITH THEE!

O Master, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience, still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way.
In peace, that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

—Washington Gladden.

THE PACIFIC

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The Quitter.

"In football we had no sympathy with the man who was a 'quitter,' and we could not see why one should be more excusable in his moral life. One morning one of the fellows, who at first had been very backward, seemed to be more interested than usual, and after the class had been dismissed he remained. It was an opportunity not to be neglected. He stated that he was not a Christian, and had said that he never intended to be, but to reject Christ now would make him, in his own eyes, a 'quitter,' and that he would not be. After a short talk he gave me his hand, stating that from that time on he would be known as a Christian. We then bowed our heads and thanked God for his goodness and the way in which he had led us. In less than two weeks he gave his name to the pastor as one desiring to unite with the church, and he at once became actively engaged in religious work."

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Stanley's Experience.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, relates that when he started on his tour through the "Dark Continent," he took in his baggage a large collection of books. But as the number of his men lessened, the books had, one by one, to be left by the wayside, until finally, when less than 300 miles from the Atlantic, he had left only the Bible, "Shakespeare," Carlyle's "Sartor Resartustus," Norie's "Navigation," the "Nautical Almanac." At Zinga the "Shakespeare" was abandoned, and afterward, Norie, the almanac, and last, "Sartor Resartus" were thrown down, only the Bible going through to the end.

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, June 18, 1903

TWO SIGNIFICANT UTTERANCES.

There are two highly significant utterances in a recent number of The Christian Register. One is in an address which was given by Prof. F. G. Peabody of Harvard University at the Unitarian anniversaries a few weeks ago. Speaking of the trend among the churches to cast aside differences in opinion and to work together in the unity of the spirit, he said: "We have had a very striking experience of this unconstrained merging of differences in the presence of a great work to do during our administration of voluntary religion in Harvard University. Each year we summon thither men of various communions, who without compromise or evasion speak their best message to young men. And when they thus come to us, asking of themselves only what these young men need, then by an unconscious convergence of their thought they speak the same message with a unity of emphasis of which they themselves are hardly aware. I asked a young Methodist student from the Pacific coast whether he could determine the special communion to which each preacher belonged, and he replied that they all seemed to him Methodists, while curiously enough there had been in fact not a single Methodist in the college pulpit that year. The preachers to whom he had listened had simply crossed the boundaries that separate the sects in their comprehensive message, and he had heard each of them speak in that tongue to which he was born."

Doubtless this experience will not seem remarkable to some of our readers. It is about what should be expected. It was not the place for the setting forth of any distinctive doctrine, and naturally the emphasis was on the things which are everywhere held in common. But how about the other utterance of which we have made mention? It was in the editorial columns of the paper named and was as follows: "Today the Methodist church and the Presbyterian church have no combat, either in doctrine or in form. Their churches stand on diagonal corners, and no listener can discover a shade of difference in the doctrines that are preached." There may be those who will question the correctness of the statement that "no listener can discover a shade of difference in the doctrines that are preached." One might go Sunday after Sunday and fail to discover any differences, says some one, but this would be for the reason that the preaching would not be on the doctrinal matters over which the differences arise. And this is one of the things going to show that those doctrines are such as scarcely need emphasis. The Methodists are Arminian in theology; the Presbyterians are Calvinistic. The former talk of foreknowledge on the part of God, the latter of foreordination. Both believe and preach that whosoever will, may come and take of the water of life, freely. Both believe in man's free agency; and the signs of the times are that very little is to be made by them of the doctrines which in the past have divided them. Indeed the indications are that it will be realized everywhere ere long that there is nothing to divide, that in their last analysis foreknowledge and foreordination are one and the same.

LEAVENING THE NATION.*

In "Leavening of the Nation" we have the story of American Home Missions from the time of the beginning of organized home missionary effort in 1798 down to the opening years of the twentieth century. Although the author, the Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Clark, is a Congregationalist, the history is non-sectarian; it has been prepared with the assistance of the secretaries of the mission boards of other denominations and covers in admirable manner the work of all the great denominations down through the years of the nineteenth century.

The author's experience as secretary of one of the great home missionary societies, the Congregational, and his special study of the work of all the societies in the preparation of his splendid volume, leads him to say on one of the concluding pages: "The past is secure and it is glorious. No sign of decadence rests upon our cause. The religious forces of America were never stronger or strengthening more rapidly than today. Consecrated wealth was never larger and never more freely bestowed. Christian workers were never so numerous, never more willing. The field was never so quick with promise or so white with harvests. The leaven of the kingdom, the power of the gospel of Christ to redeem men, to uplift society, has been proved and has never failed, is being proved with new victories every hour."

Let us try to gather some of the inspiration of the book as it leads along down through the decades of the nineteenth century. If we catch the spirit of the narrative and learn even a few of its lessons we, too, shall say, "It is glorious."

First, there is in brief the story of the preparation—how in the providence of God a flock of pigeons turned the prows of the ships of Columbus southward and

* "Leavening the Nation." By Joseph B. Clark, D.D. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York; $1.25 net.

made their landing in the West Indies instead of on our middle Atlantic coast, and kept America for the firm planting of Protestantism. Then later in the sifting of precious seed came "Pilgrims and Puritans, Moravians and Huguenots, Covenanters and Churchmen, Presbyterians and Baptists, Lutherans and Quakers displaying many banners, but on them all the One Name; seeking many goods, but holding one good supreme—freedom to worship God as the Spirit taught and as conscience interpreted." Such, says Dr. Clark, were our prehistoric home missionaries. "Is it presumptous to claim that by the will of God they were begotten and born, they were schooled and hardened they were chosen, guided and led, they were ruled and overruled, to be the fathers and founders of the true America?"

Noting the rise of home missionary societies in the States along by the Atlantic, their projection Westward in their work is sketched until finally, after they had become national, their influence and effort touched these far Pacific shores. Concerning the Congregationalists and Presbyterians it is said: "The opening of the missionary century found both of these churches, hands clasped, struggling with the same problem—how to pre-empt, or at least to overtake, the new and rapidly multiplying settlements with the means of Christian civilization. No rivalry entered into the struggle, but only a strong sense of the need of prompt, united action. Love of humanity and love of country were the ruling motives of both, and every thought of denominational supremacy was buried under the all-absorbing issue whether the new America should be heathen or Christian."

Throughout, the narrative shows how the life of the Christian missionary has entered into all that is good and enduring in our civilization. "Next to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States," says the author, "no early event in American history is more significant or far-reaching in its influence than the famous ordinance of 1787." In this ordinance he finds the birth of American nationalism; the first step in that national expansion which was to end only on the far shores of the Pacific. And who was the chief promoter of this famous ordinance? Manasseh Cutler. "By turns a store-keeper, lawyer, clergyman, physician, army chaplain, an author of astronomical, botanical and medical treatises; a pioneer, a State Legislator and member of Congress; honored by Washington with a commission as Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, which he declined, and rounding out his busy life as a Congregational pastor in Massachusetts, for the better part of seventy years; no finer illustration of that New England vigor and versatility to which the new country stands so deeply indebted could possibly be named."

After the local societies had been merged in 1826 into the American Home Missionary Society, under the direction of the Presbyterian, the Congregational, the Reformed and the Associate Reformed Churches, special explorations revealed great need in the new settlements along the Ohio. "This story of destitution was spread abroad among the churches, and missionaries were sent in for permanent and regular work. The change that followed was swift and wonderful, and out of it grew schools, churches, and, not the least in its beneficent influences, Marietta College—all the direct result of well-organized missionary work." And over in Indiana, "By home missionary pastors the college at Crawfordsville was started, and from their ranks four professors and most of its trustees were drawn." In Illinois, it is said, that it was a devoted Presbyterian minister who with admirable foresight selected a large tract of land which is now the seat of Blackburn University.

The influence of the home missionaries in saving Illinois from the encroachment of slavery is shown to have been considerable, and it is said that in later years Abraham Lincoln counted the faculty and early graduates of Illinois College, which was organized by a band of young missionaries from New England, among his most chosen counselors.

In giving the history of the home missionary work in Michigan it is noted that the scheme for public education drawn by a Congregational home missionary was so wisely drawn that it stands today without change. Judge Cooley, the eminent jurist, is quoted as saying that in Michigan the founders of the educational system took position in advance of the thought of their day, and that no commonwealth in the world makes educational provision more broad, complete or thorough. "The new States of the Union in framing their educational systems have been glad to follow the example of Michigan, and have had fruitful and satisfactory success in proportion as they have adhered to it."

In telling the story of home missionary work in the Dakotas the testimony of Judge Hugh J. Campbell concerning the Rev. Joseph Ward in the exciting periods of early years is quoted: "When at times the scale seemed to waver and public sentiment to be in doubt as to the legality and propriety of the movements which were proposed, it was more than anything else the colossal weight of his great personal character and influence that rallied to its flag the popular sentiment of the State. That South Dakota is today a State and has a star upon the flag of this mighty union of states is due to the influence and character of Joseph Ward. If South Dakota ever rears in her temple of Statehood any statues in memory of her sons who have done the State signal service in critical times of danger, and have helped most to shape her destinies for good, foremost and highest among them all will stand the noble, genial, powerful form of Joseph Ward." And these words of an early Territorial Governor—an Episcopalian—to Dr. A. H. Clapp some years ago are given to emphasize further the worth and influence of this Yankton home missionary pastor: "Ward has more influence than any other man in this Territory. He can do just what he pleases with the people. They call me Governor, but I have not a tithe of his power here."

We pass over scores and scores of pages of intense interest, showing what home missions have done further for the States of the Middle West, and pick out a few of the marked events on the Pacific coast. There is brief mention, of course, of Dr. Whitman's great service to the republic, and there is recognition of the noble work of Drs. Atkinson and Lindsley, for long years in the Northwest. Of Dr. Atkinson it is said: "He was truly the pioneer missionary, and easily the chief promoter of Oregon's early development—social, commercial, educational and religious. It is not often given to one man to sell his life so dearly or to leave so broad a mark upon an infant State." And mention is made of the numerous interests which he had at heart, and for which he worked so effectively. His interest in education is shown to have been second only to that which he had in church planting. When he left Boston in 1847 he took with him, his own purch[illegible] $2,000 worth of school books, for Oregon, the Territory at that time having no common school system. In connection with his ministerial work he became one of the

first county superintendents of schools, and all over Oregon and Washington today there are educational monuments to his interest and energy and ability.

Of the Rev. Aaron L. Lindsley, D.D., LL.D., who has been called the "Presbyterian statesman of the Pacific Northwest," Dr. Clark says: "After successful pastorates in New York and Wisconsin, in his fiftieth year, and in the prime of his strength and experience, he crossed the plains in 1868 to take charge of the little Presbyterian Church in Portland. His coming marked the beginning of a new era in religious work in the Pacific Northwest. He planned with far-seeing wisdom, flinging himself into the work with whole-hearted zeal! He found a church of eighty members, fainting and discouraged. He left it one of the strongest churches of the denomination. From being a feeble infant of the Home Missionary Society it became 'the Mother of Home Missions.' Out of it grew eight churches in Portland alone. Its benevolent contributions under Dr. Lindsley's ministry amounted to a quarter of a million dollars." Then follows in brief a sketch of his work in Oregon outside of Portland, and far wider, even in Alaska in later years. The last years of his life, it is said, were spent as a professor of practical theology in the San Francisco Theological Seminary "Would that all professors of theology might be as well qualified by experience to inspire the hearts of young men."

In the chapter on California there is mention of the services of such pioneers as Drs. Willey and Warren, and a summary of the achievements during the half century of Protestant religious life on these shores. Certain facts concerning early days are stated from the address of Rev. S. H. Willey at the seventy-second anniversary of the American Home Missionary Society at Cleveland in 1898, among them the following: "It was then that The Pacific came to life as a traveling missionary. It was eagerly received and read in the camps, and supplied the want of the living preacher to a remarkable degree. This was in 1851, and it still survives."

Here we leave this most interesting book of 300 and sixty-two pages. From cover to cover it is packed with information which will be of high value to all who desire to know what the churches have done as they have moved across the continent with our advancing civilization.

The Religious World.

The London Christian says that an eminent Christian leader, who remarked in a public meeting recently that a minister's best working years ought to be from the age of forty-five to sixty, was greeted with great applause. The Christian well says in that connection: "Wisdom and experience are important factors in Christian work, and these only come with years. Churches need to take care that they are not caught with the rush and superficiality of the time. Tried and true men are worth very much to any community, and churches should recognize this and act upon it."

The New York correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate has met and heard Prof. George Adam Smith of Scotland, and has not found him much to be feared. He says in his letter: "The editorial heart of the Western would have swelled with delight in the satisfaction which an hour with Prof. George Adam Smith gave to our Methodist preachers here a short time ago. These dreaded progressives are not so fearsome when one sees and hears them. At least the three bishops, the distinguished secretaries, and the crowd of ministers in charge, and students who listened to Prof. Smith upon the moral unity of the Scriptures, would not have applauded his fervent, reverent, and constructive utterances in such a spontaneous and hearty fashion if they had really felt the foundations shaking beneath them as he talked. It was a significant hour, and will mean much to the thinking of not a few men."

The largest camp of the Gideons, the organization of Christian commercial men, is in Chicago. It is camp No. 1 and has a membership of 300. There are camps now in every State in the Union. The Secretary of the Chicago camp goes to London this month and will organize a camp in that great city. The badge of the Gideons is a gold-plated button worn on the lapel of the coat, bearing the design of a white enameled pitcher, with blue background. From the mouth of the pitcher shines the golden flame of a lamp. Their aim is to work in every possible way as laymen, in connection with their duties as commercial travelers, for the tumbling down of the walls of the citadels of evil. Many of them, as opportunity is afforded, speak in the churches and in Y. M. C. A. meetings; and day by day as they come into personal contact with men in the business world, the good seed is dropped. A few Sundays ago one from Chicago spoke in the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. at the Sunday afternoon meeting.

In the Rams Horn for June the 6th it is told how the First Presbyterian church of Wichita, Kansas, increased its missionary contributions from $500 a year to $5,500 and supports now an entire mission station in China, having four American workers and more than a score of native pastors, teachers and Bible women. The pastor says he holds constantly before his people the scriptural idea of stewardship, that all that we have is intrusted of God to be used for the extension of His kingdom, and that every person no matter how poor should pay into the Lord's treasury at least a tenth of his income. We quote here his words, showing how the work grew upon the church named: "Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D., is proposed as her foreign pastor, salary $600 per annum. He is accepted. But this is not enough. Mrs. Corbett is offered as an assistant, salary $500. She, too, is accepted. But these cannot do all the work required. A physician is needed. The church is offered Miss Effie B. Cooper, M. D., as a medical missionary at Chefoo. She is promptly accepted at a salary of $500 per annum. But this force is not yet adequate to reach the masses, for whom the church is responsible before God. A lady evangelist is needed to accompany Dr. Cooper in her work to preach the gospel to the multitudes that wait upon her. Miss Louise Vaughan is offered, if the church will accept her, at a salary of $500. This the church cannot resist doing, seeing the case is so clearly one of need. She is added to our force. The Normal School at Chefoo is turning out each year native pastors and preachers, who are greatly needed as evangelists, but whose support must be looked after. Twenty-five or thirty of these are offered to the individuals of the church at salaries ranging from $30 to $60 per annum. These are promptly taken and set to work. Thus the work grows apace. The Woman's Missionary Society assumes the support of Mrs. Corbett. The Young People's Missionary Society is responsible for the salaries of Dr. Cooper and Miss Vaughan. The church congre-

gation is responsible for Dr. Corbett's salary, encourages and superintends the individual support of native pastors, Bible women, scholarships, teachers' salaries, etc. The effect of this has been most beneficial, and blessed in its spiritual results. During the past seven years more than one thousand members have been added to our church, and the church has closed each year with a balance in its treasury, besides paying a large church debt."

Progress has been made in the movement having in view the union of the United Brethren, the Methodist Protestant, and, perhaps, the Congregational churches. As we said some weeks ago, the thing that will hinder, if anything hinders ultimately, is not doctrine, but polity. This may keep the Congregationalists from coming into more than a close federation with the other denominations. But the signs now are that the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestants will in a few years realize organic union. The first meeting for the consideration of this matter was held in Pittsburg in April; the second in Washington the last of May. We quote from the Boston Transcript: "There was in Washington a strong feeling favoring the organic union of the three denominations, but it was realized that the Congregationalists were not ready for it. At least they are not ready for absolute union on any basis that would be acceptable to the other two. Congregational churches are autonomous, while those of United Brethren and Methodist Protestants are governed by central legislative bodies. Congregationalists are not ready to give up independence and the others are unwilling to abandon their constituted authority. It is felt that the General Council will be a means toward ultimate union, but the arrangements now talked of can be called nothing more than affiliation. The committees at Washington spent some time in discussion of the missionary work of the churches. It was suggested by some that even under the affiliation plan it might be possible to unite the mission efforts of the three bodies in a practical way, perhaps by the formation of a central missionary society or board. The matter will be further discussed at a meeting next month, but again, Congregational conditions may prevent realization of the plan. The Congregational societies are, like the churches, independent, and there is no authority that can direct their union or co-operation. Methodist Protestants and United Brethren, while working with the Congregationalists for the organization of a general council, are not waiting for the others in the matter of organic union, but are going ahead of themselves." We notice, however, in The Congregationalist (and Dr. Dunning, the editor, was one of the representatives of the Congregationalists at Washington) that the report of the committee, which was unanimously adopted, looked on beyond a general council to the complete organic union of the three bodies, and that all were agreed after study and conference concerning the polity of each body, that the denominations named can so adjust themselves as to work together without doing violence to the principles of any. It is to be hoped that this will be found by them to be true and that a big step will be taken soon toward doing away with some of the wasteful divisions among the religious bodies.

Tell us what new methods you are employing in your Sunday-school. It may help your fellow-teachers in other schools.

The Bystander.

Glimpses of Real Life.

The Bystander has been making a study of audiences. He finds that each audience possesses something akin to individuality. Some assemblages are bright, others are stupid. Some are responsive, and some as stolid and unyielding as a brick wall. The Bystander has discovered certain moods in audiences, moods conditioned by climate, intelligence or environment.

This is noticeable in churches. You may tell the nature of a preacher by the way his people listen. The pastor, if he have the time, will imprint his own personality upon his hearers. They are sure to catch his temperament. Public speaking has temperament in it, and when a man speaks from the same pulpit for a long period of time the people appropriate that temperament. The successor to that pastor must not only equal him in intellect, but supply an equivalent in atmosphere, personality or temperament.

The Bystander has discovered a mood of seriousness in the people of the great hot valleys of California. This is especially true of the women. The housewives of the lonely ranch are often characterized by a certain mood of unresponsive despair or morbidness. Said a housewife the other day, "We drove forty miles to this service, and your words were for the weary and the tired." The Bystander was touched by the beautiful simplicity of the woman, whose husband, bronzed and weather beaten, stood beside her. This was not, however, a California woman. Here was a family living out under God's great sky, well-to-do, hard working people, with horny hands, but "weary and heavy laden." It is said that the majority of the women in our insane asylums come from a life of drudgery, where they work without diversion until the break comes. Drudgery is quite as bad as dissipation. Monotony kills.

The Bystander always feels depressed when facing such audiences. The people from the mountains appear to have more variety in their lives, and are less sombre and solemn, though they are far more quiet than the city people, whose lives are more crowded and eventful. One of the happiest audiences the Bystander ever addressed was made up of hardened convicts. Perhaps the greatest number of pleasant things were said to him by a gathering of insane people. Mass-meetings are vociferous and conventions more or less nervous. The congregation worshipping in the white New England country church is lymphatic, due in part to baked beans and brown bread.

Negroes make splendid listeners, and young people are difficult to speak to unless they catch the fire of your thought. Then there is a blaze of enthusiasm. Much depends upon the occasion, the thought and the speaker, but all assemblages of people are marked by moods, which in some sense the speaker must interpret. A good speech is indeed an interpretation of an occasion.

Under all circumstances let us have good ventilation.

Bishop Dille.

That sounds well and Dr. Dille looks like a Bishop. He will be able to preach quite as good a sermon as any of them. He has the gifts of a good presiding officer. He knows all about the Methodist machine from furnace to flywheel.

It is reported that he is mentioned as a possible candidate for that office in the Methodist Episcopal Church. If he himself aspires to such honor he has Scripture on his side. It is not wrong to wish to be a Bishop. Others are having the pleasure of such aspirations. Some will be disappointed.

The people in California will heartily vote for the genial, wise, eloquent and splendid pastor of the First Methodist Church, Oakland.

The Home Missionary Society.

The ministers throughout the country are grateful for the local papers of Providence, R. I., calling attention to the national meeting of the Home Missionary society. The Providence paper is a crumb for which we are thankful. The same portraits appear, Boynton, Clark, Puddefoot and the rest, but not Jefferson this time.

The same good, hopeful, and helpful reports are given, and the addresses by Mrs. Broad and Mr. Puddefoot have a familiar ring.

The great body of Congregational pastors throughout the country would like the meeting of this missionary society more representative. They would like to be within sound now and then of its voices. They would like to see it move to the Middle West or the South, right among the negroes, and to the greater West, even California. It would be a good thing to get out of the provincial East to the real battlefield of the republic. Gradually the interest declines in these so-called national gatherings because they are ceasing to be either national or Congregational. It should be said, however, that Rev. W. W. Scudder of Washington was on the program, and Rev. C. R. Brown of Oakland was elected a vice-president.

From a Friendly Critic.

Dear Bystander: You are always interesting, but sometimes you seem to view "the procession," as bystander, from the sidewalk and not from the church-steeple; from among the common people and not in company of the elect. And you seem to have seen lately some in the crowd that, in a not inconsiderable group, bore a purple badge lettered in old gold "Dante." Your democratic spirit was ruffled at what seemed to you affectation. It is true that there is a present-day revival of the study of Dante; and young lovers often are extravagant in expression. But the pretty little "Temple Classics" edition of Dante announces its first edition in 1900, and its third in 1902, and marks no doubt a genuine interest during these years. And yet, dear Bystander, you lately published a successful little book on Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "the greatest Christian poem in our language," as it has been called. And Dante is "the greatest Christian poem of the ages" (Dr. W. T. Harris and others). There is another great Christian poem, "The Faery Queene," in which the Red-Cross Knighte (Holiness) does battle in the strength of Christ in worshipful service of Gloriana (Glory). What it all means Spenser tells us in his Preface: that Glory and Holiness are ideals of good government and virtuous men as citizens: that he sought to unite these ideals in one person, as Homer did, in Agamemnon and Ulysses; as Virgil, from whom both he and Dante accepted guidance; (as your own Tennyson did in King Arthur) to unite as he says politice and ethice,—translating Aristotle's "Politics" and "Ethics;" Aristotle, on whom Dante, too, leaned so heavily for practical ethical wisdom. Spenser complains that before, in Ariosto and Tasso, these ideals had been divorced. We are lamenting their divorce today.

All this that Spenser did in his archaic artificial style, Dante did in tenfold better shape and simplicity, with a virility that has drawn to him some unexpected friends, as the Comtists (whose god is Humanity), and the French and Italian Socialists. See Contemp. Review for May. Dante, you know, though first of the church, or papal party, was later a Ghibelline, of the emperor party. Bluntschli, in his "Theory of the State," tells us why the church made a mistake in grasping at temporal power; but Dante saw it 600 years ago, though not with perfect clearness. It is this fact that leads the socialists and democrats of Europe to take his "Divine Comedy" as a political tractate.

I take up the last Outlook and read in an editorial "For a Moral Revival" that the founders of Massachusetts were of the conviction that a free State must be grounded on a religious concern for civic and political righteousness, etc. This is Spenser's and Virgil's and Milton's idea, and Dante's quite as much.

This is only one aspect of Dante's teaching. His curious liberalism and humanism alongside his "orthodoxy is very refreshing. He puts Cato, the younger, no doubt combining in his thought much of Cato the Censor, the "Ancient," as they dubbed him, who was the implacable foe of peculation in political office, and of public shams altogether, as of military generals claiming undeserved triumphs, etc.—him he puts as Keeper of Purgatory, which was a hill, you remember, to be ascended and not a pit to stay in. The ruler of Purgatory (Purification) was he who stood for a strenuous life of political righteousness and unselfish patriotism—the Roosevelt of the time. Thus the study of Dante in this way has helped to a moral revival in civics and politics and may again.

Did you notice in the account, in June Review of Reviews, that Rev. R. J. Campbell of Dr. Parker's City Temple, was a lover of Dante? "Dante appeals to him and not Goethe." Campbell, it is thought, will do a deeper work than Dr. Parker. Dr. Parker, I fancy, was not one to whom Dante would appeal,—too *sui generis*.

Ever admiringly your friend,

W. W. Lovejoy.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Southern Hospitality.

I have had my first taste of Southern hospitality. Among the warm hearts at Berea, Kentucky, President Frost and his delightful family have made my friend, Dr. E. M. Williams, of Chicago, and myself, their guests during the delightful commencement at the unique school. We have looked out on the wooded hills, almost as beautiful as the Santa Cruz mountains, where the first principal of the school was forced to hide from the wrath of the vigilance committee, who hated him because he called black men brethren. Finally they did drive him out when the John Brown raid angered them beyond endurance. We have seen the hardy mountaineers whose education is so much interesting our noble A. M. A. Five thousand of them thronged the college campus—a scene as lively and unique as a Saratoga blossom festival. Think of seeing eighteen hundred horses, largely saddle animals, on a college campus. But ten thousand people could

get into the great tabernacle at once. They took turns hearing the speakers, the band and the glee club awhile, then going out to regale themselves with fruit, ice cream and lemonade. If more than two were hospitable to a little too much "corn-juice" we did not see it. Though in a land of feuds and vendettas, it is seven years since a man was killed at a Berea commencement. The graduating farmers talked farm sense to their brethren, as the Berkelev professors do to us ranchmen at institutes. The domestic department, colored girls as well as white, stirred up cakes, pies and puddings right on the stage. No notable was killed by dyspepsia as a result of the culinary experiments that I know of.

The six full graduates of the college, the pride of the faculty, in glowing speech regulated the affairs of the world, of which they were that day a central attraction. as vigorously as it might have been done at Pomona or Walla Walla. The forceful last speaker of the day, who took a college diploma, donned his white apron a half hour after graduation and took his place in the great boarding hall as head waiter at a fine commencement dinner. Hospitality greeted us at the station with genial Professor Gamble, the college coach, and sorrel sons of the great Peavine stock, who looked every inch like great-grandsons of the gallant Lexington.

When we wanted to see the beautiful hill whence Daniel Boone looked down onto the beautiful blue grass region, hospitable friends took us without money and without price. Ditto as we visited Miss Fox's social settlement at Clover Bottom Cabin. Surely we can buy tickets for the commencement concert. About six bits for a reserved seat? They know nothing of bits save for horsese at Berea. The delightful concert is Berea's contribution to their guests. Colonel Bain's eloquent and wholesome address was worth a dollar. But the poorest mountain white or village black boy was as welcome as the Chicago great-heart who gave a carload of shingles to roof the rustic old tabernacle.

These Kentucky great-hearts treated Miss Helen Gould, when their guest, to a tremendous rain storm. She sat through the whole commencement under an umbrella. Three hundred and ninety-nine did likewise. So it was a stormy function for the Four Hundred! It is only fair to say that living is cheap in Kentucky, or such hospitality might bankrupt the college.

Hay is five dollars a ton. Wood a dollar and a half a cord—four-foot wood! Milk ten cents quart. Chickens twenty-five cents each. Washing twenty cents a dozen. A hundred dollars will carry a boy or girl of grit for a year. Many of the graduating class have earned their way. Hospitable? The Bereans are as hospitable as the American flag, as it was in the best days!

A Religious People.

Rev. Rockwell H. Potter of Hartford, Connecticut, who splendidly held a great afternoon congregation during a noisy rain which hurried in crowds in every aisle and corner, said in the "sentence speeches" of a great farewell social meeting in the evening: "I am glad to attend a college commencement which closes with a prayer meeting." Five hundred or more attended this. President W. G. Frost led it with consummate tact. It was up to our best C. E. Conventions. On calculating space in the enlarged tabernacle, I think seven or eight hundred must have attended. Since the burning of the union church they have made a canvas division of the tabernacle for church service. For commencement this partition was removed. Fire spared the large motto of the church, "We work with all who work with Him." Federation in Kentuck! Whom Christ federates are federated indeed!

I once paid a rupee and took off my shoes in a great monkey temple in Benares and could not see any resemblance to my ancestors in the gibbering apes about. I'm not proud of the straw slippers I wore that morning. Never, not even in a Seattle Bible reading led by glorious Campbell Morgan, nor in saintly Oberlin in the days of Finney. did any spot seem more like holy ground than the plain old oak platform of the Berea tabernacle. It must be dear to God, for here they act upon the Scripture, "God hath made of one blood all men to dwell upon the face of the whole earth." They have welcomed and fellowshiped Japanese there. A Chinaman would not be ostracized, but might take the place his talents commanded. They would not mob a Russian Jew. Love rules. The atmosphere was full of it. It seemed like early Oberlin. Seeing President Frost's love of his family, his faculty and his students, one could understand how he would crowd up in a corner of his great study that a dozen young mountaineers who had crowded into the school might not be sent home, but camp on his generous floor.

That little colored boy roosting on the fence says he hopes to go through college some day. That gentle colored girl who cares for your room is a graduate of the Industrial School, and whether in Berea or Chicago would not recklessly join in a "strike," but act the woman and Christian. That group of choice white Northern girls choke up as they sing at the station, "God be with you till we meet again," not because they have any crazy notions about social equality with classmates of all colors, but simply because they have felt that love of God which places all earthly relations in happy and harmonious peace.

I do not recall the name of a comely dark-skinned maiden who was expert in the cooking school. She passed a fine examination in Bryce's American Commonwealth." She read a respectable essay on the commencement platform. It is easy in the Christian atmosphere of Berea to think of her as a sister. Cursed be the man who would wrong her. Thank God I shall not see her on the auction block if some day I get again to Charleston. Lincoln got in his work as he moved ,and "hit slavery hard." Beautiful and blessed and loving Berea owes much to Lincoln and all to Jesus Christ.

The Berean Psalm.

Friends who pick up these simple acorns will see that Berea was a good place to come to from the Seattle Congress. To go to such a place with such a comrade was a privilege indeed, and that fourth verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm came singing up in my soul again. It's a warm place in my Bagster. It seemed as if there must have been some celestial wireless telegraphy about it when noble Pastor Burgess read the thirty-seventh as the Berean Psalm. Spiritual affinity! The lovable old Principal Rogers, who gave the address at the fiftieth anniversary of the Berea Church, led me to Christ when I was a schoolboy at Oberlin. His sweet Quaker wife was my schoolmate and friend. To see these lovely friends have long and affectionate ovation in the prospering school, to see it homed in Howard and Lincoln Halls, where lords of the lash drove them from humble cabins, to learn that they had fed on the same Psalm which had cheered me in home missionary work, was enough to gild a less glorious occasion than a Berean commencement. Now the nobles of earth recognize the heroism of the Berean

struggle. Bright representatives of the Brooklyn Eagle and the Outlook are glad to write it up. The band of noble teachers and helpers whom President Frost praises, as they praise him, are prized by the thoughtful and considerate of our nation as in the forepart of the advance of civilization of our land. Make a home missionary study of this school, friends on the coast. The literature can be had for a postal card, and ten wonderful pictures for a dollar. Let them select them. I am loyal to all our coast schools, but here is a chance for a bright Chinese boy if you have eye and heart on one. He will be a power when he comes back to us. It does our Eastern boys and girls good to broaden out on the coast. An infusion of Kentucky spirit, of Berean breath, of Southern warmth, would inspire a coast-born student. Pray for the heroic band and their protegees yet overmuch ostracised. The cultured colored graduates had to ride North in a "Nigger Car!!!" The South needs our love and patience yet. Let us love her and help Berea.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A LAYMAN.

The Church.

There is a growing anxiety on the part of churchmen of almost all creeds and denominational names regarding the condition of the churches. The general opinion of those in the church, as well as those outside, is that there is something wrong. There seems to be a lessening of spiritual power in the pulpit as well as in the pew. When the clergy and laymen meet in convention—no matter about the particular name of the convocation—much time is given to the reasons for the decline of spiritual power. Some say the higher critics have brought the decline. Others that too much tinkering through the new translations has only brought confusion and doubt. The creed revisions in some denominations has engendered bitter discussion, and many believe that herein lies the reason. These are all matters for serious consideration, and should not escape critical attention.

The subject is a study for the thoughtful whether belonging to a church or not. When men of various types of thought and belief consider the matter in its true light they with one accord come to one conclusion—the church is necessary to the well-being of the world, and must be sustained. To help solve the greatest problem of the new century is what all true churchmen should unite to do. When all churchmen can come together, and in the spirit of the Master, as a unit to help all mankind to a higher and nobler life and living, then it may be confidently expected that the best results will be reached. Church unity would then move the world as it has never been moved before. With this thought uppermost in mind may it not come to pass that sectarianism shall cease and that the true reign of Christ begin in all Christian hearts by a true unity—a oneness in fact?

If so-called Christian people regardless of church name will come to the one point of agreement, that Christ shall be the leader and church creed shall be made a secondary consideration, the act is done—the church will not only become one in spirit but in very fact. Church government under such conditions would be of little consideration. The living Christ should bring a living church of disciples who can walk together in Christian unity, with no fear of trenching on somebody's preserves. There can be no sectarianism in heaven. There is only one Christ and there can be only one Christianity. Differences of thought there may be, but such differences are not essentials—non-essentials cannot exist in the presence of God.

Education tends to liberal thought, with much charity for all mankind. The clashing of sectarianism tends to alienate the thinking, educated masses from taking upon themselves a duty which they know in their hearts they should assume. A united church would tend to bring every true son and daughter at the foot of the cross in a united worship of the true and perfect one—Christ Jesus the Lord.

The Preacher.

There is a matter of serious importance, which is often remarked by those outside the church membership—the too liberal thought of many so-called popular preachers. Extreme liberality with glittering generalities mingled with sensationalism—for this trinity usually go together—does not and will not reach educated, thoughtful people. No greater mistake was ever made than for a preacher to fall into such an error. The people desire above all things to listen to an honest man—one who preaches what he honestly believes—a man who as teacher takes the Bible and presents the truth as he sees it and knows it regardless of what his hearers might be glad to hear in the liberal extenuation of sin. The people are hungering for and seeking the truth and the teacher or preacher who fails to present it cannot be a leader of thought or of men. The people who think, desire the real gospel as found in the teachings of Jesus. Nothing short of that will satisfy the longing soul. The highest intellectuality craves more from the hand of God than those who have less capability for thought and reason. There is nothing so potent in pulpit-teaching as the truth. The modern day teacher should never swerve from duty to deal with sensationalisms, liberalism or clap-trap to draw a crowd. It does not pay in the end. The real motive should be to draw men to the real, living Christ—to see the Great Teacher as he is, making clear the path to follow him.

The Sunday-School.

The general idea is that as the world moves forward with new thought and conditions of society there must of necessity come new methods in all branches of of church work. Not the least of the several branches of work in the church the Sunday-school has been chosen as a field to introduce wonderful arts and methods for training and teaching youthful as well as mature minds. A strange inspiration comes from convention speakers who dilate upon methods of teaching, more confusing than practical and which do not reach the real heart and life of the Sunday-school student. Teaching in a Sunday-school will be a failure without a clear and comprehensive application of the truth—making the word bright and pleasing by illustration, the mind of the student grasping it at sight.

The Sunday-school hour should be made the brightest, best and most instructive of the week. With a teacher devoted to the work, prepared to meet the class from careful study and devotion, it may be assured that there is no work on earth more productive of reward. None but consecrated teachers should be allowed to have charge of children's classes. The superintendent, with the governing board of the school, should be very careful in the selection of teachers.

In proposing plans or methods for Sunday-school work it should be borne in mind that no one system will apply to all schools. Convention speakers formulate plans for work which could not be made to apply to a large majority of cases. Common sense methods must be used by those in charge, adapted to the different fields of work.

The missionary spirit should be manifest with officers, teachers and scholars. The superintendent should meet the teachers not only to study and prepare the lesson for teaching, but to consult relative to the field occupied, in selecting the right ones to visit the families represented and in looking out for new arrivals, not only in bringing them into the school, but making them feel at home when they do come. The scholars should be taught to partake of the missionary spirit as much as to study the lesson. The greatest one thing and thought that should be with the whole school, during the work and visiting hours of the week, is to plan to bring others into the fold, for in so doing you are following the teachings of the Master. With every member at work in earnest to build up the school, results are sure to follow and the Master's kingdom will be enlarged and built. Inspire the school with the thought that everybody must work and the results are no longer in doubt.

The Prayer-Meeting.

The decline of the prayer-meeting is heard all over the country and among all denominations. The question comes what is the trouble and what the remedy? Many reasons have been given and many methods have been proposed and many tried. Some have taken up the method of readings from standard authors with discussion. Some have inaugurated a song service. Others a mild form of dramatical renderings. By introducing such methods it can clearly be seen that Bible teaching is largely left out. By adopting any method which leaves out heart devotion with prayer, there can be no real genuine prayer-meeting. There can be no objection to having a literary society connected with the church, but it should not take the place of the mid-week prayer-meeting—in fact it cannot, in any real sense. If the numbers are small in attendance at the mid-week gathering, better that than the substitution of new and strange methods. With Christ present, a blessing will come to two or three—it is sure.

In speaking of the reasons for the apparent decline of the mid-week meeting, it is desirable to be pointed and plain. The old-time spirituality has ceased with the many—thank God not with all. Many who were once so constant in prayer and praise have become silent and their seats in prayer-meeting are vacant—their voices are heard no more. Why this spiritual decline? Is it not for two reasons, more than any other? First, the greed for money getting, in the accumulation of wealth and the pleasure that go with the getting? Second, the rapid passing away of the great middle class of society, which has been the boast of our country, and the grind for the dollar which compels many a tired soul, in keeping body and soul together, to seek rest at home when the day's work is over?

It is believed that herein can be found a prolific cause or causes for the spiritual decline in our churches and why the prayer-meetings are not better sustained in numbers.

Now comes the demand for work on the part of those who still come and support the prayer-meeting. The call is for work—true missionary work. Go and visit your friend grown cold—your neighbor who needs a cheering word which will bring comfort. Try to shed sunshine on homes that need the presence of the Christ. Do not forget the stranger, but visit him or her and invite them to come with you—for in so doing you follow the Master.

One thing do not forget. The prayer meeting should be more a prayer-meeting than a place for exhortation. The name itself carries the intent of the gathering with it. Real soul prayer always brings a blessing. The people need a close communion with the fountain head. When cares thicken and the burdens of life oppress, then the All-Father is ready to bring help and relief. The invitation is "come unto me and I will give you rest."

D. Gilbert Dexter.

THE HEIRS OF THE BALLOT-BOX.

By Mary E. Bamford.

It was in no spirit of derision toward the Person-who-does-not-vote that the Benevolent Man presented her with a genuine wood-and-glass ballot-box. The Benevolent Man had long been interested in spiders, and with masculine wisdom had perceived the adaptations of a ballot-box for a home for such creatures. The Person-who-does-not-vote was ignorant of Ballot-boxes, never before having held one in her hands, but she perceived that a ballot-box, being of glass both ends, was a suitable cage through which, if placed toward the light, she might watch the doings of captive spiders. To be sure, after the Benevolent Man went away, the Person-who-does-not-vote inadvertently broke part of the glass of one end of the ballot-box and had to paste it over with white paper, partly obscuring the view, but fortunately the Benevolent Man never knew it, and the white paper afforded a convenient spot for jotting down notes about the spiders.

The hole in the top of the box,—that hole through which the Person-who-does-not-vote supposed that the ballots of American Citizens once dropped,—had been covered with wire netting and so formed a ventilator, without allowing captive spiders to escape. Another hole, of an oblong shape, had been cut by the Benevolent Man down at the lower part of one long side of the ballot-box. This hole had been fitted with a tin slide, and was meant for the introduction of insects into the box, said insects to become the spiders' prey. The Person-who-does-not-vote found that the easiest way to transfer flies from the outside world to the formerly sacred inner precincts of the ballot-box was to take a glass fruit-jar, steal gently up to a fly as he sat meditating outdoors or on the window-pane, quietly lower the open mouth of the glass jar over him, clap on the lid, carry the jar to the ballot-box, draw open the tin slide, apply the open mouth of the jar to the hole, cover the glass jar with one's apron so as to darken the jar, and then, by sundry slaps on the jar, induce the fly inside to wend his distracted way toward the light and through the hole into the ballot-box. Some flies take the hint in a hurry. Others are very stupid about it, not seeming to comprehend that the earthquake in the glass means, "Go out."

The Benevolent Man had fastened a little tin box on the floor of the ballot-box and instructed me to put water there. He said that spiders would go to the water sometimes, not often. Afterwards, I followed instructions, but the little tin box leaked immediately, a fact of which the Benevolent Man was probably unaware. So I brought up my spiders without water.

I went searching around the house, outdoors, with a tin for captives. Several spiders were introduced into the ballot-box. One spider, the Ogre, built the best web, toward the lighter end of the box. He seemed to get the most flies, perhaps because his web was nearer the entrance-hole and the flies would naturally go toward the light. There is one kind of fly, a trifle

larger than the common house-fly, that my spiders never could seem to catch. One may know such a fly somewhat by his voice. He protests loudly against imprisonment. Whether it is because of his remarks or because he is tougher than the ordinary house-fly, my spiders never seem to catch him.

Now, whether any spiders killed each other in my ballot-box before they finally chose homes and settled down, I certainly could not account for some. Once, in October, having missed a spider, and thinking that another spider might have killed her, I investigated. I found that the missing spider was not dead. She was in a corner, and near her was a bunch of little yellow eggs. Now, Packard says of spiders, "The eggs are laid but once a year in June." Perhaps California spiders do not know about this rule. Being brought up in the wild and woolly West, they cannot be expected to know all the rules for spiders. Possibly, the fact that the ballot-box was kept in a room where there was a fire every day may have made the spiders doubtful as to the exact time of the year. But it was cold enough in that room sometimes. Anyway, the fact remains that my ballot-box spider did not live by Packard's Guide to the study of Insects.

One or two other yellow bunches appeared in the ballot-box, one in a far corner from the first bunch. Emerton says that "many spiders remain by their cocoons till the young come out; but other species, making similar ones go away, or die, and the young get out themselves when they are old enough." He also mentions having seen a small Theridion spider gnawing her cocoon, so making it thinner on one side. He says, "I put her with the cocoon, into a bottle where I could watch her, and she soon commenced biting again, and kept it up the rest of the day. The following night the young came out."

But, as far as I saw, those of my ballot-box spiderlings that hatched had no fond mother sitting beside them or gnawing any place to make their entrance into the ballot-box world any easier. The twelfth of November I pushed open the top of the ballot-box. Inside one little yellow web were a number of dark little spiderlings. They did not seem to be active yet. When I took up the cocoon, a couple of the tiny spiders swung themselves downward, only to climb back to their little yellow web again, I think, when I had left them. Born in a ballot-box! How honorable a fate!

The lady of the house was anxious lest the spiderlings should discover the ventilator and get out of the ballot-box, through the wire netting.

"They'll be all over the house," she prophesied.

So I pasted paper over the ventilator and pricked pin-holes to admit air. It began to dawn upon me that I could not expect spiders not much bigger than pinheads to catch full-grown flies. What did baby spiders eat? I consulted the benevolent man.

"Nobody knows," quoth he. "It's never been discovered."

Perhaps he referred to infant spiders before they leave their yellow web. It is indeed difficult to know what they exist on, unless there is some nutriment in the yellow web itself.

The 20th of November the first brave little spiderling left his yellow home-web, and started off to seek his fortune in the ballot-box world. I really felt rather pleased with him—first gallant little adventurer of his family. He was going to live by himself, and I found a little sprig of a rose with some plant-lice on it and I pinned it near him, thinking that possibly he might catch a bite that way, though I do not know that he did. The next day, November 21st, several other little spiders followed their brave forerunner out into the ballot-box world.

The small spiders even went over to the corner where the big spider lived. They made their webs around his. Perhaps the infants were ignorant of his existence. Whether he ever caught any of them I do not know. The only thing I could think of as catchable and small enough for my little spiders' dinners were plant-lice. I picked off leaves that were the homes of these green aphides, and put the creatures into the ballot-box. Whether my baby spiders felt that my choice was the best food for them or not, I saw two small spiders lunching off a green aphis apiece, so I concluded that at least the aphides were edible. None of the other bunches of spiders' eggs hatched. The big spider died, and the ballot-box was left to the infants. They had seemed to diminish in numbers, and finally in February, when they were nearly three months old, I took the ballot-box outdoors and investigated.

I found that of my little family of winter spiderlings, but two remained alive. Their backs showed the usual white stripes on the brown of their coats. One spider is bigger than the other. The bigger spider, Veni, is on the south side of the interior of the ballot-box. The smaller spider, Vidi, is on the west side. They are yet presented with offerings of green aphides. A person feels a little differently toward spiders that she has "brought up" from the way she feels toward other spiders. One cannot help caring a little for Veni and Vidi. It is a pity that a third spider did not live to be named Vici. But at least Veni and Vidi demonstrate the fact that, whatever Eastern spiders do, California spiders do have winter broods of spiderlings, even though all of them do not have the privilege of being cradled in a ballot-box.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Condensed Report of Children's Department, Southern Branch.

The Congregational children of the Southland are looking back upon the past year's work with a greater degree of satisfaction than upon the previous year; partly because they have come a few notches nearer their mark, financially, than at any time since the mark became five hundred dollars, and partly because the plan for a little systematic study in missions has been begun and to an extent carried out. As the knowledge of missions logically precedes the giving to missions, let us speak of that first.

Early in January, printed slips containing twenty questions and answers relative to the American Board and its branches, and especially to the work of the Southern branch, were sent out to the Junior Endeavor Societies and Mission Bands, with the request that they commit to memory and later take an examination. Eight societies responded cheerfully and studied well, as has been shown both by letters and a goodly array of names upon an "honor roll" at the annual meeting in Ontario. The children composing Mr. Larkin's Round Table at Ontario certainly proved to all that they had learned them, when they repeated in concert every answer without mistake. Next year we plan for another set of questions upon one of the countries where the Board of the Pacific has a worker.

More and more, too, our Sunday-schools are giving the collections upon the first Sabbath of October and

March to the foreign work and are taking the time for a little missionary talk upon the work of their own missionary, Mrs. Baldwin, in Broosa, Turkey.

A box filled with suitable presents for the Christmas time was also sent by the Junior Endeavor Societies and other to the schools under Mrs. Baldwin's care, but to our utter dismay and grief was so delayed as to reach her after the holidays were over. We console ourselves, however, with the thought that so much is ready for next year, although we intend to add more to it. Mrs. Baldwin especially asks for aprons for the girls, large or small, and either white or colored. These can go so easily by mail, that that way of sending may be best. Miss Lida Crookshank of Santa Ana, who has kindly promised to assist in this work another year, is taking charge of the gifts for next Christmas. Any questions addressed to her will be most gladly answered. Mrs. Baldwin was especially delighted with the useful work-bags furnished so generously by the ladies of Pomona church, and no doubt more will be needed for the girls who come in next fall.

Now, as to money. The children raised more than ever before, and if we can say the same thing next year and the next and the next, we shall reach our mark and more too, which is the very thing we propose to do. The superintendent wishes she could thank personally every one who has so kindly answered her letters and granted her requests this past year, but hopes that many of the faithful writers may read The Pacific and appropriate the thanks which they so richly deserve. L. P. Watson, Supt.

Long Beach, Cal., June 4, 1903.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SQUDDER.

Lesson 13. June 28, 1903.

Quarterly Review. Acts xx: 28.

There are a number of ways to enrich ourselves as we take up the lesson. We may take a wide sweep and rapidly get a view of the entire book by thinking of,—

1. The strategic centres of the early church.

The most natural course is just to follow the great outlines of the book when we find the work (a) beginning in Jerusalem as the first centre. Acts i: 1 to viii: 3. After receiving their commission from the departing Lord, the apostolic band received a preparation for their work in prayer, and specifically by that great outpouring of the Spirit, which attracted the attention of the entire city at the season of Pentecost. The large numbers converted, their fellowship and sufferings their differences and organization are vividly portrayed in the narratives of imprisonment (iv: 1-22 and v: 17-42), of their gatherings (ii: 41-47 and iv: 23-36), of the appointment of deacons (vi: 1-7) and of the struggle to keep the unity of spirit by the casting out of evil (v: 1-11). To catch a glimpse of the work accomplished in Jerusalem, try to realize the numbers that were converted in the short time covered by the record (ii: 42; iv: 4; v: 14; vi: 7). Watch the development of the church members as they are taught by the Spirit to pray, to give testimony, to rejoice even in persecutions, to work for the unconverted (iv: 23-31; v: 29-32. 40-42). Note the extension of the work by the opposition of the authorities, the counsels among the wise leaders of the Jews, and the final rising of the sects who succeeded in slaying Stephen and scattering the disciples (iv: 1-22; v: 17-42; vi: 9-15; vii: 54-60). (b) Samaria is the next centre, the chief events being Philips encounter with Simon Magus, and the conversion of the Ethiopian Eunuch, Peter's experience at Lydda and Joppa, followed by the conversion of the first Gentile, Cornelius, which opened the eyes of Jewish Christians to God's great purpose. Very appropriately the account of Paul's conversion occurs at this period (chaps. viii: 4; xi: 18). (c) The third centre is in the Gentile city Antioch. Here we look back towards Jerusalem in the events of the contribution sent by Paul and Barnabas to the church there, and in the imprisonment and deliverance of Peter (chaps. xi: 19; xii: 24). But the great missionary operations chiefly occupy our attention, Paul and Barnabas making the first tour through Cypress; Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra and Dube, returning to their starting point, and going to the Jerusalem council convened to determine how far the Gentiles should conform to Jewish ceremonial uses (chaps. xii: 24; xv: 35). Paul, selecting Silas as companion, made the second tour, extending their territory from Asia to Europe for the first time, visiting the great capitals, Athens and Corinth, returning to Antioch and once again visiting Jerusalem to perform a vow (chaps. xv: 36; xviii: 22). (d) The fourth centre is Ephesus, which Paul visited on his third tour. The stirring events from the coming thither of Priscilla and Aquila, and Apollos, to the scene in the theatre, are contained in chaps. xviii: 23, xix: 41. The completion of the interrupted tour is finally accomplished, and once more Paul gets back to Jerusalem, which becomes the centre of important events, all of which we have studied this quarter, leading to the transferance of the great missionary apostle to the last important center of his labors, the capital of the world—the city of Rome (chaps. xx: 1, xxviii: 31).

2. The developing power of Christianity.

We so often fail to impress the young with a sense of the active force of our religion that we may seize the opportunity here presented for an object lesson. Lesson 1 shows the soldierly quality of watchfulness developed in the line of duty. There were so many foes in Ephesus that the Christians had to be on their guard lest they should be captured, or routed. The riot led by Demetrius illustrates this point. But there were foes in camp also, compared to "grievous wolves" whose designs had to be constantly overthrown. (Rev. ii: 2-6.) This developed a Christian watchfulness in Paul, who wished to present his flock blameless before God. Trying to help defend others always begets a strong degree of watchfulness in us. Finally, there was a necessity of using God's grace for character-building and that develops watchfulness. To build strong, and straight, and according to the pattern given keeps the builder on constant watch.

Lesson 2 furnishes a strong developing motive. To be conqueror over those things which are strongest in this world by the power of a risen Lord creates a determination to be "stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Lesson 3 gives us the unvarying law of love to our fellow men, whose workings are productive of great development in the fruit of the spirit (Gal. v: 22).

Lesson 4 cannot fail to show how "stedfastness" is a part of Christian character. He who can go steadily on in the path of duty when prophets are disclosing dangers ahead, friends are urging an opposite course, and God's Spirit testifies to future bonds and sufferings, grows to be a veteran in stedfastness. How great a trust can be placed in such a character. It is like building on the rock.

Lesson 5 illustrates a high type of bravery, something which everyone admires. Paul was brave, not only in facing death with calmness, and suffering the pain of scourging, but in undauntedly seeking an opportunity to honor his Master by a testimony before the mob that was ready to dismember him. He was not ashamed, though he suffered for being a Christian

Lesson 6. Paul's unbounded trust in God is here set forth. The promise was that he should be delivered, yet the mode was not revealed. Paul had learned through many experiences that God's word was inviolable, and he gave himself over to that word. At the same time he does all in his power to bring the results about.

Lesson 7 shows us how largely Christianity had developed the conscience. In carrying out that exercise of having his "conscience void of offense toward God and man alway," Paul performed his vow in Jerusalem, denied any part in treason against the king, or profanation of the temple, shows his strict walk according to the Scriptures, and failed not to bring the word home to the heart of the governor, though he was the judge and Paul the prisoner.

Lesson 8. The trait of obedience makes its appearance here. Paul centers his conversion on his obedience, and declares his preaching springs from the same source. He had his "marching orders." It was no easy task to carry them out in the presence of such august persons, but he does not hesitate. A rare trait, this implicit obedience, and as beautiful as rare.

In lesson 9 we are introduced to the real source of soul power, and discern the Life-giving Spirit at work in His proper home,—the soul. The picture affords a view of the strength of the body with its desires pitted against that of the soul, to the final subjection of the former to the latter.

Lesson 10 makes us conscious of a well-developed spirit of helpfulness. Self had to sink out of sight before such a nature as Paul's could become helpful to soldiers, prisoners, sailors and officers alike. All distinctions melt before the power of love, and love banishes self and creates a helper.

Lesson 11. Hope is the key to the situation in this study. A long sustained hope was fulfilled when he entered Rome, even as a prisoner. Hope was what he claimed as the source of Jewish persecution (v. 20), and hope carried him through his disappointment to the larger work among the Gentiles.

Lesson 12 sums up the history of a soul under the power of God for a period of about thirty years. Could anything be more sublime than that triumphant song, the certainty of the attainment of righteousness. Had not the entire discipline this one goal in view, each experience being one added portion to the final result? That will be a great day for the world when Christianity is looked upon not merely as a religious belief, but a living force, set at work by the Spirit in the soul of him who obeys Christ.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

June 28.

Christ in Our Cities. Acts xviii:1-11; Luke xix:41-44; Matt. xi:23-24 (City Missions).

The human race is a unit in our day not only by ties of blood, but by reason of facilities for intercommunication, and the dream of the far-sighted is of federated nations and of the parliament of man. This brings into the foreground a fundamental Christian conception concerning missions, one clearly held by Jesus, and lost sight of for long periods, but coming again into prominence—the conception that the redemption of the world is one work. The distinction of home and foreign in the literature and activities of the spread of the kingdom is convenient for distinguishing different departments and specifying great branches of the work, but the two embrace one world and they continually and necessarily blend and shade together. Missions in foreign lands and missions in our own land; missions in the country and missions in cities are different as regards locality only. Since the days of Christ and his apostles the combined activities of the one church—militant—the one true invisible church are simply the efforts of one world embracing missionary force charged with the great task of converting a lost race to God.

* * *

City evangelization is then one great factor in the great problem and but one, yet who does not believe that it is, so far as human insight can discern, the most important of all. Christ seemed to realize this when he bid his disciples to begin at Jerusalem. Paul made the great cities of his time the strategic poles of his chief activities. Antioch was his base and from there he reached out after the people in the great ganglionic centres of Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Philippi and was not content until he had preached the gospel in Rome also.

And important and vast as is the need and value of saving the country for Christ, who does not believe at this hour that, as men see things, unless we can win the cities for Christ and hold them we cannot ultimately win the world. Dr. Strong said in "Our Country" twenty years ago that "the city is the nerve centre of our civilization. It is also the storm centre," and the statement seems truer today than ever. If it be true that as goes America, so goes the world, it is as true that as goes Greater New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburg and San Francisco and a few others, so goes America. Physicians know the importance of nerve centres in treating disease, and metoroligists study carefully the conditions of storm centres in forecasting the probabilities of the weather. All of which emphasizes the importance of city missions.

* * *

Difficult as is the work of saving the country for Christ, that of saving the city is far more difficult still. There the great perils of life and character mass themselves and there the emissaries of evil group their stoutest battalions. In the city the saloon is the most powerfully intrenched, and there impurity flaunts its red lights or hides behind awnings and curtains to both openly and covertly ensnare the unwary. In the city the "kingdoms of the world" and their glory are most alluring. There wealth woos her votaries and wins her greatest fights. The lottery, the gambling den, the low theater, the dance hall and the stock exchange, all center in the city their dangerous attractions. The town of Mansoul is sore beset in a great city and more besieged there than anywhere else. All this makes Christian work in proportion so much harder. Where the current is most rapidly down stream the pull up is rendered vastly more difficult. Where there are 30 or 40 saloons to one church and a hundred theaters of questionable repute to one Young Men's Christian Association, the task overcoming the downward pull is herculean and gigantic.

Yet the city must be saved for Christ, and the forces of Christ, thank, God, are stoutly intrenched within its borders. There is no city of any importance that is not today a bee-hive of busy Christian activities. The sepulchre of Christ is being rescued by a mighty crusading host. Churches, missions, Y. M .C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, W. C. T. U.'s, and as a friend of the writer's used to say, all the letters of the alphabet are being brought into play as so many powerful engines, not only to quench the flames of sin but cause fountains of living water to spring up cleansing and saving in human hearts. Let us rejoice that so much is being done as is done. The city is being redeemed by a mighty host. If the devil does seem to be behind the screen pouring oil on the fires, let us never despair; they that be with us are far more and mightier than those that be against us. Let us be thankful that the sky-line of the modern city shows the profile of so many churches, rising above the smoke and smut and piercing the azure sky. God reigns and he wills the redemption of the city. God wills it and the mighty city must be won for Christ.

* * *

The ways of working for city redemption are legion and there is use for every power of adaptation and invention which the Christian mind possesses. The branches of the mustard tree should reach out to its farthest boundaries and the leaven should be made to influence the whole lump. Evangelizing agencies need to be supplemented and reinforced by reformatory and preventive forces and none of the tried or untried sociological expedients that have Christian ends and aims may be dispensed with. The gospel to reach the city needs to be all things to all men if by all means it may save some. Nor does it seem always best to be too conservative in the adoption of evangelizing methods. If men will not go to the churches to hear the gospel, it becomes the gospel to go out to find the men. Christ not only preached in the temple, but in the streets. If driven from the synagogue, the apostles preached in the open air. Paul delivered a most powerful and effective sermon in the ancient theater at Mars Hill. And since his business was tent-making, what is more likely than that he often used this most useful enclosure for the gathering of the people when other rooms were not available. It is nowhere said that he did not. Tent-meetings and tent-campaigns for the reaching of the masses in congested portions of Eastern cities have been very successful in recent years. Conditions may not be quite so favorable in the Bay cities of California on account of climatic changes, but in the interior cities a tent-movement could be carried on with great success. The church may need to be more fertile in saving expedients before the great arterial centres of modern life are fully reached.

* * *

We can all work in some way. We can preach and we can practice. We can labor and pray. The harvest of the city is vast and increasing, the evils are becoming more numerous and more acute. Cities are multiplying and extending their borders with great rapidity. Christians need to put on the whole armor of God and having done all to stand. Temptations are many and most alluring in great cities. And there is a dangerous kind of induction that saps power. We need to be on our guard, lest while endeavoring to win others we find ourselves drawn into the toils. One most important part of the Endeavorer's task, the "World for Christ," is certainly that of the "City for Christ."

Church News.

California.

Whittier.—A call has been extended to Rev. N. T. Edwards of Escondido.

Crockett.—Rev. Seneca Jones was installed pastor of our church, Friday, June 12.

San Diego, First.—At the recent communion service there were eight additions to the membership, four on confession.

Etna.—The pastor and wife have returned from their vacation. He reported the Seattle Congress both morning and evening last Sunday to good audiences. The friends in Etna welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson with a most delightful reception at the home of the senior deacon, Mr. A. H. Denny. Next Sunday for the third time the pastor will deliver the baccalaureate address for the Etna Union High school. All the members of the graduating class this year are connected with our church and Endeavor.

Auburn.—The pulpit of our church was occupied morning and evening by Rev. T. D. Stewart, of Wheeler, Pa., who has been attending the General Assembly at Los Angeles. He is a nephew of the chairman of our board of trustees. The morning sermon was followed by a special communion service in which the pastor, Rev. H. F. Burgess, was assisted by Mr. Stewart. Eight persons were received into membership, four by letter and four on confession of faith. A fifth had been elected to membership who was not able to be present. Three were baptized.

Sierra Valley.—The church and outstations in this valley are all prospering under the care of Rev. William D. Kidd. Attendance is good at all services. Beckwith has had its church painted and is contemplating the erection of a fence aronud its property and the building of a sidewalk. Sierraville has painted both church and parsonage and made several other improvements. Services are held bi-weekly at Sattley, Mohawk and Loyalton with increasing attendance. Children's day is to be celebrated at Beckwith, June 10th and at Sierraville the 21st, and we are looking forward to a visit from Rev. E. J. Singer on these dates

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—The Christian Endeavor Society had the rare experience of going in a private yacht to the state convention at San Diego. Capt. Wm. Waterhouse, one of the pillars of the church, invited the delegates, eight in number, to accompany him in the Aloha. Two hours after leaving San Pedro every one, excepting the Captain, was so sick that he wished some one else had been elected delegate. Mr. Emerson's brother of Buffalo, who came across the Continent to attend the Presbyterian Assembly, was persuaded to take the trip as it would be an event in a life time. As he was the sickest one of the party he now says one such event in his life time is enough. But he returns home well pleased with Pasadena and Los Angeles. All departments of the church are moving forward.

Washington.

Spokane.—Rev. George R. Wallace, pastor of Westminster church, preached the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the University of Washington, in Seattle, on Sunday, June 7th. Dr. Wallace is giving some Sunday evening sermons on "Christ's Teachings Illustrated by Robert Browning's Poems."

They are (1) "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," illustrated by "Paracelsus."—A life that failed through lack of love for humanity. (2) "'Seeing ye shall see and not perceive': For this people's heart is waxed gross," illustrated by "Caleban Upon Setebos."—A gross man whose ignorant imaginings of God portrayed a Devil. (3) "If thine eye be single thine whole body shall be full of light," illustrated by "Sordello."—A life that failed through being at war with itself. (4) "Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it," illustrated by "The Grammarian's Funeral."—A life that in failure was triumphantly successful. (5) "Except your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," illustrated by "Bishop Blougram's Apology."—A vivisection of worldliness in the garb of sanctity.

Notes and Personals.

The Pacific needs money on subscription. Will the friends of the paper please examine the labels which give the date to which subscription is paid, and remit accordingly? It best meets our needs to have subscriptions paid as nearly as possible in advance.

Preliminary action was taken last Monday at a union meeting of the various ministerial bodies of San Francisco and vicinity for the organization of a State Sabbath Association, which shall be auxiliary to the National Sabbath Union. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws and to make report at another union meeting at 11 a. m. in the Y. M. C. A. building next Monday.

The thirtieth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Josiah Sims at Nevada City, was celebrated last week. Mr. Sims was the recipient of a purse containing $200, contributed by members of his church and congregation and in addition a generous check from a San Francisco friend. The Daily Transcript speaks very highly of his work in Nevada City, saying among other things: "Mr. Sims has served not only his own people faithfully, but the city and county as well, and his labors are increasingly in demand with the roll of the years."

Monday evening in the First church of Oakland steps were taken for the organization of what is to be known as "The Congregational Union of Oakland and Vicinity." Its object is the upbuilding of Congregationalism in the territory named. A constitution was adopted, and the churches will be asked to elect representatives to a meeting to be held after a few weeks for permanent organization. All of the churches of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and Fruitvale, with two exceptions, were represented at the meeting Monday evening and much interest was manifested in the movement. The need of such an organization is evident and by the time the summer vacation is over it will undoubtedly be thoroughly organized and ready to minister to the Congregational needs in the cities named.

The Rev. William Windsor has resigned from the pastorate at Campbell, wishing to retire from the active work of the ministry. Mr. Windsor has been in the ministry since 1858. In 1888 he came to California from successful pastorates in the East and since then has been living on his fruit ranch in Santa Clara county and serving the church at Campbell. He is a scholarly man—and one among the few ministers who have made life-long and most excellent use of Greek. We recall an occasion in his home a few years ago when at morning prayers he read as correctly from the Greek Testament as the rest of us from the English. We understand that reading the New Testament in the original Greek has been his daily custom since leaving college.

Oregon Letter

George H. Himes.

Rev. J. L. Hershner, pastor of Riverside church, Hood River, has recently had an affliction of the eyes to the extent that he has been unable to do his usual pastoral work.

To show something of the mental fibre of some of the alumni of the Pacific University it is a pleasure to record the fact that Miss Liberta Brown of '99 class, a great grand daughter of "Grandma" Brown, who taught the school for orphans in the log building, out of which the college has evolved, won a scholarship in Columbia University last year, and done two years' work in one, and recently was awarded the degree of M. A. Mr. Edward Kirkwood, of the '98 class, who has taught botany in the Syracuse University, N. Y., for some time, has also been taking advanced studies in Columbia, and this year will receive his Ph.D. It is believed that Mr. Kirkwood is the first Pacific University alumnus to win that degree.

Mr. Trafton M. Dye, '05, son of Mr. Charles H. Dye and Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, the latter the author of "The Conquest," and "Dr. McLaughlin and Old Oregon," won the H. W. Corbett prize at Pacific University for excellence in calculus.

The Conservatory of Music for the coming year will be in charge of Prof. Frank T. Chapman of Lancaster, Ohio, who had thorough training in some of the best schools of Europe, and who has had many years of successful experience in this country as a teacher and director.

The address to the graduating class of the Oregon City public schools, was given by Rev. E. S. Bollinger last Tuesday evening.

The burdensome debt of about $18,000, which has been resting like a nightmare upon Willamette University, Salem, for many years, has at last been discharged, and the officers and friends of the institution once more breathe freely. Little more than one year ago Rev. John H. Coleman, D.D., was elected president, and he saw very clearly, and at once, that if the University was to live and to be anything of a factor in the shaping of the educational interests of Oregon it must be free from debt, and not only that, it must show its right to live by increasing its endowment, and making improvements in different directions in keeping with the spirit of the times. Consequently he addressed himself at the very outset of his administration to removing the debt. Scarcely a twelve month has passed since he began his labors, and now the debt is a thing of the past. In honor of this notable event in the history of the first educational institution begun in Oregon, or on the Pacific Coast, a jubilee was held in Salem last Sunday evening. All brethren of the Methodist persuasion and its friends in general, should be congratulated upon the prospect of Willamette University now entering upon a career of enlarged influence.

Rev. J. Lee Mitchell, Ph. D., of Attleboro, Mass., and his wife, arrived yesterday, and will make a stay in this city of four or five weeks. Dr. Mitchell will sup-

ply the pulpit of the First church during Dr. House's absence. He is a pleasing speaker and gave an excellent sermon this morning from Luke xxiv: 6—"He is not here, but is risen." The central thought of his eloquent discourse was the tracing of the influence of Christ upon the world from the advent to the present contrasting it with the religions of Confucius, Brohena, Zoroaster, etc.

This is the week of the annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, of which your correspondent has been secretary for seventeen years, and a remnant of the real State builders—those who came to Oregon in the days prior to 1850, although the pioneer limit is 1859—the year Oregon was admitted to the Union—will appear and renew their youth by recounting their experiences in crossing the plains, in subduing the wild animals and Indians, and in beginning civilization in its manifold phases.

OBITUARY.

Mary Lucina Ferry Eastman.

Mrs. Eastman was born of Christian parents in Ottawa county, Michigan, 1837. She was one of the first white children born in that county. In 1858 she was wedded to Galen Eastman in Land Haven, Ottawa county, and for twenty years was a faithful member of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco. She passed triumphantly and peacefully into ahe other world June 2, 1903. Her husband preceded her to the church above several years. Eight children are left to mourn the loss of a good mother, a faithful friend and a zealous worker in the church. For a number of years Mrs. Eastman was secretary and corresponding secretary of the California Home Missionary Union. She was one of the best known members of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco, prominent in the Ladies' Aid society and missionary activities. She was a graduate of Iowa College and always retained her interest in her alma mater. She was a woman of strength of mind and character, of good ancestry and of a genial, attractive disposition. With a firm faith in the infinite she crossed the river after patient and uncomplaining suffering, and the large number of people who attended the last sad rites were witnesses of a life nobly planned and lived.—R.

Samuel Foster.

The hand of death has been busy among us, and right after the news of the death of Mr. Andrew G. Booth of the First church in this city comes that of Mr. Samuel Foster, of the same church. Mr. Foster has been a resident of this city for more than forty years, and has made for himself and enviable name for honest dealing and generous actions. His early home was in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and he left there at the age of nineteen to come to this Coast. Shortly after his arrival, in November, 1862, he became a member of the First church by confession of faith, and remained in its membership till 1870, when, as he was living in the Mission, he transferred to Third church; in 1901, as he had moved back, he came again into the membership of the old First church, where his pew was always occupied by himself and wife if they were in the city and able to attend. He has for many years been engaged in the wholesale grocery business, and the firm is well known in this and other lands. He was a consistent Christian, one of those men whose Christianity was never questioned; square and just in his business dealings, he was courteous and kind on all occasions. It was a pleasure to drop into his office and talk over the affairs of the Kingdom with him; his interests were as broad as the universe, and he loved to hear how the work was going, and plan his own part in it accordingly. He was one of those rare men who could even say "no" without giving offense. If one came to him with a proposition that did not appeal to him he would hear it patiently, and give his judgment on it, and do it so kindly that you went away without being wounded. He was a liberal and conscientious giver; he had a list of objects to which he contributed each year, and the amounts were not small. He planned the gifts as carefully as he did any other investments, and regarded what he put into the Lord's work as a sacred trust, to be administered as carefully as if it were for himself. He will be sadly missed among the business men, in the church he loved, and among those who have the welfare of our missionaries at heart. He was a man who would be singled out in a crowd; tall, erect, of commanding appearance, with a handsome face; a good listener, whose steady gaze would always attract the attention of a speaker, an intelligent hearer, whose evident satisfaction in what he heard made him at once the friend of the preacher; in every way he was an unusual man, and with it all so modest and retiring that one had to search him out to become well acquainted. The First church has lost in him a tower of strength, and the business world a man who was a model of uprightness.

No one should fail to read the series of articles on Missionary meetings that is being contributed by Miss Belle M. Brain to the Missionary Review of the World. They are full to overflowing with bright, helpful suggestions that have been tried and found successful in meetings for all ages in many places. In the June number of the Review, Miss Brain deals with "Music in Missionary Meetings" in a most suggestive way. This has been preceded with articles on the Bible, Prayer, Testimonies, Missionary books, How to Interest Individuals, etc. Other articles are to follow on Quotations, Practical Work, Money Raising, Questions, etc. These cannot but prove invaluable to every missionary worker. Another series of exceptional interest is that on "A Missionary's Experience in the Heart of Africa," by Dr. De Witt C. Snyder. Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. $2.50 a year.

Booker Washington's theory that the path to Negro elevation is through skilled labor has been criticised by a Detroit clergyman who says that when competition arises between the skilled Negro and the white workman the old struggle will be renewed, and he likens the Negro property owner of the future to the European Jew, who, notwithstanding his thrift, is despised. This view receives pertinent illustration from the case of John Allgood of Tennessee, who, under competitive examination secured appointment as rural mail carrier; but while making his rounds he is waylaid by a gang of masked men and warned that he must give up his position. The real problem, says the critic, is "to make a white man feel kindly toward his black brother because he is a brother, and not simply because he owns a mule." Certainly it is true that this problem has not yet been universally solved. Has it been solved in any degree? It seems to be in some instances, as witness the following: When the steamer Saginaw was sunk in a collision off the Virginia coast, the order, in filling the life-boats, was "women first," although the women passengers were all Negroes. A white officer lost his life in trying to save a colored woman.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL

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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Andrew, the Market Gardener.

"There is nothing wrong with you, is there, Mrs. Hunt? You look terribly down-hearted this morning," said Andrew, in his pleasant, cheery way, as his landlady brought him in his breakfast.

"Why, yes, sir; I am in a terrible fix," said Mrs. Hunt, as she placed the bacon, eggs and wholesome home-made bread in front of her young lodger. "My master is gripped with lumbago, and he cannot stir. What is to become of his customers I do not know. He is in a terrible way about it; for he says they all look out for him, and if they once find he fails them, they may go to some one else, and then we shall lose his trade!" and the poor woman ended up with something very like a sob.

"I say," said Andrew, looking grave, and wishing he could think of something better to say. "I say," he repeated again; "that is a bad job. Is lumbago a long affair?"

"No, sir, not always. He may be all right again tomorrow; but, you see, today is Saturday, and every one buys vegetables for the Sunday dinner, and he looks to taking good money. * * * But there! it is no good fretting over what cannot be helped."

"But it can be helped!" said Andrew, brightly. "I can take the vegetables round! Will you trust me, Mrs. Hunt? I won't bolt off with the money, I promise you."

"Oh, sir; you will have your joke."

"It's no joke," said Andrew, working steadily through the eggs and bacon, toast and honey; and, in short, through all the country delicacies which Mrs. Hunt had placed on the table. "Just wait till I have eaten my trifle of breakfast—nice little trifle, isn't it, eh?—and then you shall tell me what I must do, and where I am to go."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Mrs. Hunt, in shocked tones. "No, indeed, sir. I know your ma and pa, sir, excuse me, and when they came and took this lodging for you, they said particularly, 'You will see my son is well done to, Mrs. Hunt; he has been working a bit too hard at his books, and we want him to be in the country for a week or two'; so you see, sir, I could not let you go hawking vegetables round the village, for I passed my word you should have every comfort we could give you."

"You must not trouble your head about my pa and ma," said Andrew, laughing; "and as for giving me every comfort, you have done so, and if I can help you in this trouble it will be the best comfort of all; and I can promise you they will think so, too; so cheer up, and tell me what you want done."

"But you were going bicycling," began Mrs. Hunt.

"The bicycle can wait," said Andrew; "it is not like a horse; it will not eat its head off!"

"But your clothes," continued Mrs. Hunt, looking at Andrew's neat serge suit, and his good ribbed stockings and trim shoes.

"Oh, clothes! They are all right! Every one wears the same sort of clothes nowadays, and my white linen hat is shabby enough to sell whelks in, and I can take off my coat. Just you listen to me," and Andrew shouted in his best costermonger style:

"Carrots! tarnips—all a growing and a blowing!" till Mrs. Hunt could not help laughing; and Hunt, upstairs in the bedroom, thumped with his stick on the floor to know what was going on.

"I will go to him!" said Andrew; and he ran quickly upstairs, and after some persuasion got permission from the old gardener to do his rounds for him.

A proud and busy boy was Andrew that morning, as, with help from Mrs. Hunt, he loaded the donkey with onions and cabbages, plums and apples, and then started gaily for the village, singing out so lustily, "Carrots! Tarnips! Pick of the market!" that the poor gardener, racked as he was with pain, could not forbear laughing, and a shepherd, keeping sheep in a neighboring field, turned and stared at the young green-grocer, and wondered what the world was coming to!

It was near tea-time before Andrew returned.

"I would not come back till I had sold everything!" he called out gaily to Mrs. Hunt, who was watching for him in the doorway, "and now both Neddy and I want a feed. Here's the money—pretty good, is it not?" And he held up a heavy bag of coin.

"Your dinner is ready for you. I have only to take the pie out of the oven. Dear! dear! how can I thank you, sir," said the poor woman.

"I want no thanks. I enjoyed doing it," said Andrew, sitting down at the table and beginning at once on the beef-steak pie. "Every one asked where Mr. Hunt was; and when they heard he was ill, and that I was selling for him, they said—some of them—that they must buy a bit extra."

"Wife!" called Mr. Hunt from upstairs. "Wife! I have counted the money. It comes to ten shillings more than last Saturday. I don't know how to thank the young gentleman."

"That is all right," said Andrew, laughing. "Then I shall be allowed to go again."—E. A. Bulley in "Sunday Reading for Young."

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.

There is a touching story of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson which has had influence on may a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor book-seller in Lichfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Uttoxeter and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the book-seller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell books in his place. Samuel, from silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard-toiling father; so when he visited Uttoxeter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it in marble on the doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a

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good father or mother now in their graves.

Dr. John Todd of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never could forget how, when his old father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and had made up a lie that "the druggist had not any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and said to him, "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine."

Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father, on his return, was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy, "Love God and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

Through all his after life, Dr. Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blessed a willfully disobedient son.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his Negro servant, "Bring back my trunk. I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor and afterwards a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on that simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said, "Honor thy father and thy mother."—Theodore L. Cuyler.

The Nurse.

Into the shadowed house she comes,
A messenger of cheer,
And heavy eyes uplift to her,
And sad hearts hold her dear;
Her skill has power to lessen pain,
Her touch of gentleness
Can battle with the fever's might,
Is strong to soothe and bless.

Her choice, the best of woman's work,
A ministry of grace,
Who serves is greatest, and the Nurse
May have an angel's face;
And prayers of love arise for her,
And thanks to God are given;
She speeds her patients back to life
And whispers words from heaven.

God bless the Nurse whoe'er she be,
And keep her purpose high;
And comfort her and strengthen her,
The kindest, noblest part.
Who sees so many die.
Christ give her work to do for Him,
And make her brave of heart,
And keep her faithful to her choice,

And God be thanked for these good times,
When consecrated thought
Sees kindly deeds that may be done,
And acts because it ought.
O happy days when Love is king,
And pity gives commands,
And Nurses bring to sorrow's homes
Kind hearts and skillful hands.
—Marianne Farningham, in "Christian World."

The Wall Fortress.

"The power of will, be it great or small, which God has given us, is a divine gift and we ought neither to let it perish for want of using, on the one hand, nor profane it by employing it for ignoble purposes, on the other."

The will is an impregnable fortress, the very Gibraltar of the soul. It never has been either stormed or shattered. By the power of his will man may defy omnipotence and the arm of the Almighty is powerless. The will may yield of its own motion, but cannot be compelled. If the fortress is entered it is because it has opened its own gates. The will is the center of being. It makes the body its servant. It commands the passions and they are silent. It dismisses weariness; it banishes sleep. It conquers success. It brings things to pass. It contends successfully with destiny. It is a fearful weapon for man to wield and he cannot transfer it to another. He must carry the responsibility.

A perfect will is prompt, strong, consistent. It is true to right and duty. When the evidence is in, sufficient to justify a decision, when conscience speaks and duty calls, the will should respond promptly. This disarms opposition and cows foes. Wait not an instant after the case has been made up. The perfect will acts strongly. It does not change with every change of feeling or to suit the company. Policy or fear of trouble, threats, persecutions, war, burning flame or the wrath of demons—none of these things move it. But it always decides consistently with truth, conscience and duty. When convinced that it has formed an erroneous decision, it changes promptly and joyfully so as to remain in accord with the latest evidence and the clearest utterance of conscience. This is the only real consistency; all the other so-called is but obstinacy. Decide truly today, follow conscience, do right, speak the truth, no matter what you did yesterday.—J. N. Fradenburgh, D.D., in "Life's Springtime."

Some fishermen have found a Japanese Robinson Crusoe in the person of a long-haired man who was shipwrecked six years ago on an uninhabited island off Korea. He has lived there since, subsisting on fruit and birds. A party of Japanese fishermen were blown to this island by a typhoon last month. When the long-haired stranger appeared they hurriedly rowed away and would not accept the fruit and water he offered them. The stranger is believed to be one of four Osaka men who were shipwrecked in that vicinity six years ago. One of them was picked up by a steamer and the others were supposed to be lost. The father of one of the lost men has sent a steamer to rescue the lonely islander. The Japanese are indignant that the fishermen were too frightened to bring him away.—Mt. View Register.

OSTRICH LOGIC.

"When I can't *see* danger there is no danger." That's the logic of the ostrich which hides its head and exposes its body to the hunter. There are not a few people who seem to have gone to the ostrich to learn logic. The most dangerous enemies of humanity are the enemies which can't be seen, the disease breeding microbes which infect the blood. It is harder to get the microbe out of the blood than to keep it out, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does both, by purifying the **blood** and then keeping it pure.

If there are eruptions on the skin, boils, pimples, sores or other signs of impure blood, use Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which will purify the blood and cure the eruptions which come from it.

"My blood was all out of order, and I had to go to the doctor," writes Mrs. James R. Moss, New London, Stanly Co., N.C. "He gave me medicine which helped me for a short time. In the winter of 1895 I got worse than I had ever been. My tonsils were enlarged and my neck swollen all out of shape; my throat was sore and I could not cure it. My husband went for the doctor, but he gave me no encouragement. He helped me a little, but it did not last long. He attended me for twelve months, when I heard of a lady whose condition was like mine, who was taking your medicine and was getting well. So I secured some of the medicine and began taking it. In one week I was able to do my cooking. When I began taking the medicine I could sit up only a few minutes at a time, and I could rest or sleep only a little while at a time. My throat was so sore at times I could not even swallow sweet milk, and my tonsils were full of little eating sores. My left side was swollen out of shape and I could hardly get my breath. The doctor said I would not get well, but three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, three bottles of his 'Pellets,' three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and the use of salt water did the work and cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its consequences.

An Intelligent Horse.

Will Wadsworth owns a horse that his children drive to school mornings; and, upon arriving at the schoolhouse they all go in, leaving the horse to go home alone, which he does without accident or loss of time. At night Mr. Wadsworth harnesses him to the wagon and the intelligent animal goes after the children. If he arrives before school is closed, he waits patiently at the door until it is out and his charges are all aboard and then conveys them home. The distance that the sagacious brute thus travels alone is more than a mile. Such an instance of intelligence and sagacity in an animal is rare and can hardly be accounted for on the theory of instinct alone.—Gilbertsville Journal.

It is a strange philosophy that can see a providence only in a pleasure.

Sin, or Peace?

Peace is union and accord. Strife is discord and variance. This is so among men with reference to each other. This is so with man in his relations to God. Peace comes with holiness. Sin is in itself warfare with God. Do we desire peace or strife? Are we seekers after holiness, or do we accept a measure of sin with its consequences? Every conscious act of sin is a deliberate declaration of war against God, and an invitation to God to be our enemy. Longing after union with God is so far peace with its attendant blessings. Our lives, our inner beings, tend in one direction or the other. If we seek peace, we shun sin. If we consent to sin, we eschew peace. On our guarding the door of our hearts depends the measure of our soul possessions. As good Archbishop Leighton says, "So much sin as gets in, so much peace will go out." And when peace fills the heart, there is no room for sin.

A Sharp Manner.

"Jane does herself a great deal of injustice," said Aunt Phebe, "by the sharpness of her manner. She pounces on your least mistake with the unerring precision of a cat upon a mouse. She differs from those older than herself, not modestly, but with emphasis. And she has fallen into a habit of using strong language on slight occasions. It is foolish to drive in a carpet tack with a sledge hammer. If she is not careful, the habit will grow upon her. Habits always become fixed with time and use.

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What we need is a revival of personal religion and personal devotion to Christ. "Lovest thou me more than these?" Then feed my lambs, tend my sheep. The command comes to us as it came to the first of the apostles, "Follow me," and he who serves in the world of sin and woe must know the Master under whose banner he serves, and the light which comes to him in the first instance is, and is alone, to show him how and where he is to serve and the cause he is to serve.—Rev. R. J. Campbell.

The Frigate Bird.

Though the petrel is swift, the frigate bird is far swifter. Seamen generally believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined; but it is certain that this bird is the swiftest of winged creatures and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, two hundred miles an hour.

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Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman or gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Christian World.

Coin.

Dollars have character as well as men.

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The church has never improved on the financial method of the Jews and the Apostles.

God loveth the *heroic* giver, but the *zeroic* ($0.00) giver misses the joy of giving and will miss heaven at last.—Dr. W. K. Beans.

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How Language Grows.

It was estimated about the year 1880 that the peasantry of a certain district in England used only 800 word to express all the needs of their rural life. The total vocabulary of the Bible is only 6,000 words, that of Milton's poems about 8,000, and Shakespeare, dealing with so vast a range of human action, thought, passion and emotion, only used some 15,000. The mind is bewildered at the great growth of the English language in three centuries. It is quite true that a large number of the words catalogued today consists of technical terms only used in sciences to which they belong and that some are "slang," with which the English language could dispense without any great loss; but there still remains a vast number available for the speaker and writer. Language, like every other product of life, must grow. Bentley showed but little of his usual acumen when he wrote: "It were no difficult contrivance, if the public had any regard to it, to make the English language immutable, unless hereafter some foreign nation shall invade and overrun us." The moment a language ceases to acquire new words there is an indication that thought is standing still and decadence must at once ensue.

The introduction of new words, however, must be governed by some sound principle. It would be a strange thing, if in a republic of men, a new coin might be foisted upon the citizens at the will of any single individual. Even so in the republic of language, whatever is introduced must be coined under the authority of the law. So long as there is a sufficient expression for any thing or idea, so long is there no need for a new name. When Huxley coined the word "agnostic," fashioning it according to the laws of the English tongue, there was necessity for a name for a man who simply put revelation among the things which were unknowable. "Skeptic," would not serve, for the skeptic claims the right to reason about revelation. No such good reason had Browning for importing "banality." Already we had several expressions for the commonplace. Consequently, for every one who uses "banality" a thousand use "agnostic." One is useful, the other is useless.—Current Literature.

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